

Time Goes Ever On

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Summary: It was in that moment that Harry Potter realized that he was looking into the eyes of his teenage father, and the boys standing behind him were the Marauders. "Pleased to meet ya Harry!" James grinned widely and stuck out his hand. Harry grasped it weakly, still staring with his mouth agape in shock, Ron and Hermione wearing similar expressions. "Likewise." He managed.

Time Goes Ever On

Harry Potter felt the ground beneath him disappear as his surroundings mashed into blurs of different colors. Wind screamed past his ears and tugged on his robes and glasses. He wanted to pull them tighter around himself, but he had to focus on keeping a firm grasp on Ron and Hermione's hands, for he knew that letting go would mean losing himself in an unknown abyss. Hermione had shut her eyes next to him, her brown hair taking flight and swirling aggressively around her head. Ron looked petrified in fear, his mouth hanging open in shock. He had not yet registered what was taking place around him.

And then, just as soon as it had started, it stopped, and they were back in the Gryffindor common room. Harry swallowed and glanced out the window. It had been night when Ron had been playing with Hermione's time turner, but now, orange and gold leaked through the windows and formed pools at their feet, a yellow sun rising from the distance.

Hermione was the one to speak first, her voice cutting through the palpable silence.

"Ronald what have you done! She hissed. Her eyes were wide with fear and panic. Hermione examined her necklace, trying to find a clue as to how they had ended up in the previous morning. She scoffed and let the hourglass fall to her chest, crossing her arms in annoyance when nothing stood out to her. Harry scanned the room, trying to pick out

anything that may have different to assure that they were in the same time period from which they had been in only a few seconds ago. Everything seemed to be the same, save for the paper hanging below a portrait of the Gryffindor lion.

"Hermione?" Harry asked. Hermione was too busy furiously scolding Ron to notice. Ron was trying to quiet her that she would wake the other students with her yells.

"How dare you...I told you not to touch it...don't tell me to calm down Ronald Weasley!"

Harry tilted his head in confusion at the parchment hanging from the red and gold walls. He stepped closer, his footfalls were soft and hesitant, like he was scared to read what had been written. He recognized it as the student list that was tacked to the wall at the beginning of every year with a Sticking Charm.

He glanced at the title. Gryffindor Students of 1977. His stomach twisted into knots and a cold sweat formed at his temples. Harry gulped. Something was terribly wrong.

"Hermione!" Harry whipped around with a sudden motivation to get her attention away from Ron and to the problem at hand. His friends whipped around in shock, surprise on their faces. It was rare that Harry raised his voice at either of them.

"What?" Ron manages to squeak out. Harry rolled his eyes and turned around, jabbing his finger against the loopy letters.

"What about it Harry?" Asked Hermione, who have begun inching closer to him, curious. Hermione and Ron scanned the title briefly. Hermione felt her knees turn to jelly. She struggled to stand up as she read the list of names.

"The turner isn't supposed to send the user back more than five hours. If the time is exceeded, serious harm may come to the user." Hermione breathed out, cracking at the end. Harry could tell that she was reciting information from a textbook by the way she spoke and how she clenched her eyes shut.

"This has to be a mistake."

Harry slid his glasses off his nose and rubbed them against his cardigan. He read the paper over again, knowing he would see the same thing the first time, but silently hoping that he had made a mistake. For a moment, Harry found truth in a cliché, he thought his eyes were playing tricks on him.

Hermione's skin was pale, and Ron looked green.

"Maybe this is a prank. I'll bet you anything Fred and George are behind this-" He finished weakly, his voice trailing off. Hermione exploded at that. Harry took a step back.

"Did I not just get done yelling at you? Don't make me do it again!"

Harry wanted to tell her to be quiet, but he decided against it, fearing for his well-being.

Ron shrunk back.

"Hermione, Ron! We have to figure out how to get back."

Hermione turned on him, fire in her eyes.

"What do you suggest we do Harry? Wait over fifteen years to get back to our time? We're stuck in time!" She gasped for breath, fists clenching and unclenching.

"Ron, what have you done?" She whispered, eyes trained on the ground.

A door opened and closed behind him. Startled, he snapped around, hoping more than anything to see a fellow classmate. Harry's heart fell as an unfamiliar girl stepped out of the dorm and entered the common room. Her hair was long and wavy, her eyes green and watery when she yawned.

"What are you lot doing up so early on the weekend? You don't sleep in like normal?" She rubbed her eyes.

"Leave it to underclassmen to make trouble."

It was after she dropped her hands back to her sides that she really got a good look at them.

"I haven't seen any of you around before. You know it's against the rules to enter another house's dorm right?" She sounded suspicious, angry even. But it wasn't the tone of her voice that surprised Harry. It was how familiar it sounded. He had heard it before. In his dreams. Dreams of a time when he was just a baby. Her eyes. He had seen them in those dreams. Her hair. It now caught the sunlight of the room, making it shine. He was looking at his mother.

"Mom." He whispered under his breath. He was so sure that it was the woman in the photograph that he always kept in his pocket, the one where Lily and James danced and laughed without a care in the world. All of a sudden, Harry was overwhelmed with the sudden urge to cry.

"Yes!" Hermione replied from behind him. Harry could tell that she had most likely caught on to who she was. After all, he had shown Hermione and Ron the photograph countless times.

"We know. It's just." She paused, mind scrambling for an excuse.

"We are new here you see. So sorry to wake, it's just-" Hermione was cut off by Lily.

"Oh! Well, that explains it! Welcome to Hogwarts, more specifically, welcome to Gryffindor! It's great to see a fresh batch of new faces around here, the old ones can get pretty obnoxious." Harry wondered if she was referring to his father.

She took Harry's hand in a surprisingly firm grip for women of her stature and jerked down in a handshake.

"I'm Lily by the way. Lily Evans. Very pleased to meet you all, we

can get to know each other at breakfast I'm sure. Do you need help unpacking?" She nodded toward Hermione with the last question.

"Oh...er, no that's alright..I unpacked earlier this morning."

"Well alright then. I'll take you down to the Great Hall. Just give me a bit of time to get ready." With that, she sauntered back to the girls dorms and shut the door behind her. As soon as her footsteps could no longer be heard, Harry turned to his friends.

Ron was the one to speak.

"She's a tad too cheerful, especially at this hour of the morning, don't you think?" Ignoring this comment and assuming that Ron had already made the same conclusion that Hermione had, he began to speak. Stumbling over his words, he breathed fast and hard, still trying to absorb what had just happened.

"My mom-sheâ€| she's alive. I just shook her hand." He grasped Ron's arm to keep himself from tumbling over and inhaled again.

"My mom is aliveâ€|"

End
file.